

BIG SHEEP KILLING BEAR.

Will some Sahib rid the Country of the Pest.

Marlinton has a near neighbor in one of the biggest bears that ever grew in these woods. He makes home in the forest among the broadwaters of Williams River and Cranberry on the edge of the woods which extends some twenty-five miles or more to the west and which is so dense and dark that it could well be called the Black Forest, after the famous forest of Germany. In this region for several years the stockmen have lost hundreds of sheep and all the carcasses found bore the marks of a bear's handiwork. The panther leaps upon a sheep and bites it in the back of the neck, a wolf cuts a sheep's throat, and a bear bites across the back.

It is not known how many bears have been engaged in this work but the loss of sheep has continued year after year, beginning when the sheep were first turned out to range and continuing until they are gathered in the fall.

Any number of hunters and trappers have tried to locate the bear but without success. This year a snow fell before the bears went to hole to hibernate during the cold weather and the story of the bear was written plain.

A bears track has been seen that is over six inches across the hump of the track. It is the largest to be old in coming and sagacity has never been seen. Any person wishing to distinguish himself and rid the country of a nuisance is invited to try his hand at this game.

AUTHENTIC WITCH STORY

Some Witchcraft was practiced on Swago.

Among the writer's earliest recollections of witch stories in Pocahontas County was in reference to an occurrence that happened on Swago near where the upper creek is located.

As a woman was passing toward the mill to pay Aunt Phoebe McNeil a visit what looked like a fox squirrel fell at her feet seemingly in a furious manner and she had quite a time in beating it off with her walking stick and the use of her shoes. The consequence of the creature here such a striking resemblance to a certain person who posed as the witch of the Swago neighborhood.

made the people of her belief that she had been afflicted by the witch in the guise of the vicious fox squirrel. The parties concerned found difficulty for some time on hands and this was regarded as the culmination of the trouble. I gave the story a long and looking that it could hardly get a way from me and it is a wonder I could not kill it. Aunt Phoebe you look and you see the witch I take it for won't be laid up for a spell? Singular as it may seem by way of coincidence the person supposed to be the witch somewhere and was laid up for several days from severe bruises.

ACCIDENT AT PULP MILL

Robert Scott Killed by a Belt Instantly

The shocking death of Mr. Robert Scott of Sweet Springs at Covington, Va., last Tuesday Nov. 20, after a year's labor, sorrow to most acquaintances and friends in this county and elsewhere. Information concerning the circumstances of the accident, but it is known that Mr. Scott was struck by a belt in the pulp mill at Covington where he was working and knocked out of a window to the ground killing him almost instantly. Mr. Scott was about 35 years old and was a son of a well-to-do family of Sweet Springs this county. He was a young man of intelligence and many excellences, and was a successful and kind. He belonged to one of the most estimable families of this county with whom all hearts were sympathetic. For several months he had been at Covington. His remains were interred in the cemetery near the town yesterday—Monday.

A CAPITAL WING SHOT.

A New York Lady got Nine Ducks

Miss Mollie, of New York City, who was visiting in Marlinton, was out for a day's sport in the woods near the town. She was accompanied by a party of friends and was successful in securing nine ducks. She was out for a day's sport in the woods near the town. She was accompanied by a party of friends and was successful in securing nine ducks.

A DREADFUL AFFAIR

Tale of Ghostly Meeting at the Haunted Cross Roads

As ghost stories seem to be in order I will tell mine.

To begin with I knew all about ghosts for many years. I was a boy on his lap and told me of all the mysteries of animal and spiritual kingdoms and I knew that this thin veil which separated them was only the light of the sun and that sometimes when was down this veil was rent asunder from the spirit side.

Old daddy and his people were wise in these matters and sometimes he put his white "chile" to sleep with tales of Brer Fox or Brer Wolf or Brer Rabbit or some other four footed friend.

Then again he would tell of the wonders of ghost land, of how at times of white ghost was good but "brown man" was always evil, the incarnation of the devil, and most to be dreaded of all ghosts. It was far worse than the white ghost on the fire above.

When I asked what the brown man looked like he said: "Oh, a little blacker than day and night and a little whiter than the devil's night dat ebber was; not zackly a maner a bes but sumpen between an betwixt dem and a cloud."

"A lot of a cross between a mean nigger en de win."

Then I was told of the places at which the semi-spirit beings had been seen and of the all none were more suspicious than the cross lanes, a place where two roads crossed in a deep ravine.

Upon the north side of the main road was a thick wood and on the south side were two giant oaks. My father was dead and my mother was a widow. She sent me to Staunton one day twenty seven miles away to transact some business. I was mounted upon a horse which out of one of my father's thoroughbred mares but was hired by a horse of Canadian origin.

I had been to Staunton and spent a few hours and was returning. Night had overtaken me some distance from home. The horse was rolling about in the dark shadow of the Canadian and although he had carried me more than half a hundred miles since morning, he seemed home the thoroughbred fire of his dam began to show itself and he began to snatch the shank of the bit in his impatience to get to the stable. I drew him in to keep him steady until I came to the edge of the ravine above referred to. I saw an object in the dark shadow of the trees which I probably would see either a white ghost or a fire ghost but on I went until about thirty rods from the cross roads when I looking to the left by the light of the young moon more than half the time was hidden by the dense foliage. I saw an object approaching the cross roads at a rate of speed which I soon saw would bring it into the main road ahead of me in the dark shadow of the skirting timber and the large oaks.

could discern no distinct outline; sometimes the object appeared almost as if it were a light. Then it would suddenly appear ten or twelve feet high, and then disappear away to three or four feet. I knew was not the white ghost nor the fire ghost, could it be the brown man? I was in the dark shadow of the timber and I barely could distinguish some form of shade as it appeared and disappeared. I saw it was in the road not more than three or four feet in front of my horse which I knew to be as large as a lion and almost as strong.

Then I determined to ride down I watched the object might be to my horse and rode the rowels in his side. I held his head steady as he came on and I knew that on the object in front of him and I knew that in one moment he would be upon whatever it was, he was not least or even a devil.

But horror of horrors! The horse stopped instantly as if glued to the spot and I felt a hot breath on my neck. I saw the horse passed on and the object followed him a few steps and left no foot or hoof mark. I can describe my feelings for the instant when the horse as I supposed in terror returned to the rein and upon his head and independently upon his head as I stayed there helpless and motionless before the apparition.

Had you not Mr. Edgerly and any of your philosophical friends explain these strange phenomena? My own opinion is that the horse described in the object to have been the tangible, perceptible conclusion of another horse's mind.

GREENBANK

Oh, yes, Mr. Editor, November is gone but also was whickers while she staid with us, you bet.

Hollo, Mr. Pugh, can't you bend the lion in his den? If not give us a small amount of song and go.

Well, last Saturday was a fine day and there were more people on the streets of Greenbank than have been since the storm. Why? Because Samuel Cooper opened up his new store on Pocahontas street on that day and sold goods. Sam is a hustler from way back.

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" Sam's Est	71 80	"	11 24	12 80
McNeil J T	138	Laurel Creek	6 52	4 25
Sharp Dave & Amanda	190	Beaver Dam	5 21	6 48
Slayton W W	106	Greenbrier River	2 07	3 18
Wangh Susan's Heirs	137 80	Buffalo Mtn	3 22	4 40
Wm W H Est	323	Laurel Creek	10 45	11 98
GREENBANK DISTRICT				
Devie John W	35	Boff Mtn	29	31
McCotchen J B Est	259	Thos Creek	48 78	52 17
"	77	Greenbrier R.	1 09	2 15
"	80	El Ron	12 79	14 43
Riley Thos S	495	Hd Greenbrier R	18 93	15 62
McClintock J B	69	Buffalo Mtn	1 73	2 90
"	200	Slaven Land	3 77	4 94
HUNTERVILLE DIST.				
Bradshaw Wm Heirs	300	Marlin Mtn	1 46	2 56
Drieden C	105	Knappa Creek	23 79	25 95
Gannon Jas	40	Ball Alley Lot	50	1 53
Luett, Sherry and	767	Marlin Mtn	13 62	15 31
Bungamer	113	Brown Mtn	6 73	8 07
Rider J T	96	Cochran Creek	1 96	3 06
"	120	"	9 33	10 80
"	99	"	94	1 99
Rider J T	100	Knappa Creek	3 91	5 11
" Alex W Est	100	Allegany Mts	13 16	14 82
"	172	Beaver Lick	3 22	4 32
Sharp Jos Sr & R	232	Cochrans Ct	3 05	4 20
Buzzard's Est	608	Allegany mts	8 89	10 34
Wallace Isabella	100	Greenbrier R	1 46	2 56
HUNTERVILLE DIST.				
Hoggett J T	107	Nr Mill Point	25 64	27 89
"	75	"	13	14
"	175	"	8 64	10 07
Hoggett Martha J Est	22	Greenbrier River	1 26	2 32
McClintock Alfred	184 80	Drop mts	3 68	4 87
Skeen Wm	128	Poplar Flats	2 78	3 92
Smith Eva E	138	"	"	"

TOP OF ALLEGANY.

The storm still continues and it looks as though the farmers would have to winter their crops in the fodder.

A very pretty wedding took place on Thursday, Nov. 21st, when Luther Phillips and Miss Lella Hollen were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. C. C. Arbogast at the residence of the bride's father.

The groom is the son of Alva E Phillips of Top of Allegany, and is an industrious young carpenter. The attendants were Miss Alice Spencer, Miss Alice Phillips, Joseph Phillips and Miss Lella Hollen. May the blessings of happiness and prosperity ever attend the young couple.

While J. J. Spencer was cutting wood the other day a large buck ran within four steps of him; he threw his ax at him but missed him. It looks like as lucky a man as he ought to carry a gun all the time.

James Phillips and wife and Miss Beatie Phillips attended the wedding at Mr. Hollen's last Thursday.

Mr. Bess Wilmoth and Mrs. Francis Barkley were visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Spencer, last Saturday and Sunday.

Uncle James Kerr seems to have been somewhat excited at the Phillips-Hollen wedding, as he hardly knew whether to congratulate Luther or Joe.

Brown Wilfong says he likes teaching school fairly well.

Miss Florence Clatter, of Locobello, who is teaching the school on Stamper Creek, has engaged Spencer school for a second term.

There is plenty of snow for Thanksgiving day, but the sleighs seem to be very scarce in this part.

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The board of Greenbank district had an address delivered to them on last Thursday night in season. If you have rheumatism call on J. H. Curry and get a medicine that will cure you beyond a doubt.

There are several cases of small-pox, so called, in this part of the county, some bad while others are not.

Born, to Dr. L. H. Mooman and wife, a fine girl.

W. W. Sutton sits and sings, "Bye-bye for it's a-a-bor-der come to stay."

Calvin Price, of Danmore, was in town last Saturday.

Prof. Ezra Woodell is wielding the black in the school room at this place to perfection, and is teaching a first-class school with but little trouble. He is a first class teacher.

T. S. Patterson, postmaster at Louisa, was in town today. He says he got what he wanted and he what he didn't want now and that is the post-office, and he can't get rid of the thing.

Frank Patterson and bands, while digging out the bank near the residence of Maj. J. C. Arbogast, struck coal close to the top of the ground which was pronounced Samuel coal by some persons who seemed to know. This is on the same elevated piece of land that the gold mine is said to be only further up the stream.

If your correspondent had the money he would buy the entire hill and have it opened up at once. We hope the coal will be opened at last, if not the gold. There is said to be a rich deposit of silver in a short distance from this place and it is said to be lower down the creek (North Fork of Deer Creek) one mile from the town of Greenbank.

Ms. Poon.

A Harrowing Incident.

A larkish young man of Grantsville, W. Va., was invited out to dine last Monday evening. He was very much agitated. He sat opposite a neighbor and discovered that he had forgotten to comb his hair. Then he dropped his fork onto the floor, and as he stooped to pick it up he upset his coffee.

Matters went from bad to worse until finally in despair the young man quit eating and put his hand under the table. The loose end of the table cloth lay in his lap. When he touched it the young man turned pale as he saw the family across the table there was a crash and the dishes lay in a broken mass on the floor. The young man pulled three feet of table cloth from his pants and fled to the woods.—The Signal.

Sharp-Curry.

Married, at the M. E. parsonage, Edray, on Wednesday, Nov. 21st, Albert N. Sharp and Miss Lucy A. Curry, Rev. A. M. Crabtree officiating.

May their lives be long and well spent.

Bliss with joy to their hearts content.

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Bungamer	113	Brown Mtn	6 73	8 07
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"	99	"	94	1 99
Rider J T	100	Knappa Creek	3 91	5 11
" Alex W Est	100	Allegany Mts	13 16	14 82
"	172	Beaver Lick	3 22	4 32
Sharp Jos Sr & R	232	Cochrans Ct	3 05	4 20
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"	175	"	8 64	10 07
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